

COME, LET US TINGE WITH ROSE THE SUBWAY RIDER'S GLOOMY LOT



THE SUBWAY SADNESS—

— WOULD DISAPPEAR IF THE CARS WERE PROVIDED WITH AN OCCASIONAL SURPRISE ELASTIC HANGING STRAP



A BELL-RINGING RECEIVER FOR METAL TICKETS WOULD ADD A CONSIDERABLE SPORTING INTEREST TO THE PROCEEDINGS.

By Earl N. Findley

WE ARE investigating freight rates, conditions in the Department of Charities, a so-called trust in alleged eggs and the highly problematical value of a civilization founded on eugenics. Why don't we start a movement to make life more cheerful in the subway?

Passengers take only the most perfunctory interest in the subway's multiple unit system, electro-pneumatic brakes, emergency alarms, block-side signal devices and automatic speed control. Their minds are too occupied with the dreariness of their situation. They are painfully introspective. Glance at their faces any time. Note the evidences of strain and suffering. Like a man holding his breath under water, they wonder whether they will be conscious when they reach the surface.

A very great deal could be done to improve this condition.

The Tribune is going to see what can be accomplished in this line by offering a few gratuitous suggestions for the injection of color, mirth, zest and something of the exhilarating spirit of contest into the lives of these sad, self-conscious millions.

Their ambition and vitality are being sapped by the subway.

The beautiful ideals of their youth are losing something of the first rosy tints that make them so enchanting to look back to and so unreplaceable when gone.

Automatic brakes may save millions of passengers, week after week, but it would be more to the point if, after saving their lives, the management provided something to make said lives worth living.

Life of itself is a more or less common possession, but happy lives are rare.

The president of the subway system, with the winsome, ingratiating manner of a debutante, reminds us that in the last nine years 2,198,000,000

people have ridden under New York City without a single passenger fatality. The estimated population of the earth is 1,823,300,000.

But he does not mention, although, of course, he has comptometers and all the latest types of adding machines, the precise number of happy smiles that have dwindled, since their owners took to the subway, into things wan and drawn.

Thus things have been going for nine years, and thus they are still going strong. One cannot be drawn now and then by the subway without betraying the fact when making a brave attempt to smile.

The subway, as at present operated, is good for two things. It is a first rate refuge from cyclones, and maintains a considerably battered reputation for speed.

We have no cyclones. Many things could be done to improve the situation with respect to the elevated railroads, too, but already they stop now and then to permit passengers to "see New York from the inside"—opposite somebody's second story window. Other diversions may ultimately follow.

The subway is, however, the first proposition to consider, as it is by far the more difficult.

Nothing assists the passage of time more capably than a game of cards to those who enjoy this form of relaxation. Little tables can be placed in the subway cars, the only expense to the company being the first cost of the tables.

These can be purchased cheaply, as they make merely a nominal charge for furniture in Grand Rapids, Mich., where it is a by-product of breakfast foods.

Whatever expense is attached to putting on enough extra cars to accommodate the several million passengers who are displaced from the square foot area that such card tables will demand can be recovered from the public by various new forms of hold-up.

An attendant, for instance, in each car, to wait on passengers who have never become reconciled to the fact that since its opening the sub-

way has been the only dry territory in New York, would be a source of revenue to the company.

Tips from the common people would enable the management to advertise for bids from competing applicants for the position of subway waiter. Waiters would immediately recognize the financial possibilities of such an opening.

With delays on the line imminent any moment, especially in April, when showers overhead tie up the underground traffic for hours, the money in the passengers' pockets would be viewed as useless but for its power to purchase alcohol and forgetfulness.

Yes, selling jobs to waiters would produce a fat, broad smile among the management of the

subway, who place their confidence and profits in gasoline.

It would be a long jump in the direction of cheerfulness if the guards, who have amply proved they cannot sing melodiously or to the point, were displaced by negro interpreters of ragtime and the old-fashioned Southern melodies.

So far as the identity of the station which is the next stop is concerned, it would be just as well to have negroes in white suits sing about Georgia as to have guards shout, without musical accompaniment, the name of a more localized address.

The addition of musicians would not keep us any more in the dark than we are now as to what was being said, and would create some of

that atmosphere of charm and color and cheerfulness which it is the determined policy of The Tribune to encourage.

If Bert Williams, the funniest man, black or white, on the stage to-day, were known to be singing his latest compositions in the subway during the rush hours, no extra charge by the management, the company could dispense with more than one hundred professional "white hopes" now employed to punish passengers until they consent to being projected into trains that cannot hold any more passengers.

By maintaining the secret of the number of the train in which Bert Williams was making the passengers forget their troubles, by expanding upon the intensity and variety of his own, the

faces would scramble into every train, without assistance, and some of them would get into the right one, and therefore win, which would be an innovation.

It would be a good idea, and Bert would get a lot of press notices out of it.

It is difficult to understand them, but there are people who do not relish ragtime songs but who are very fond of motion pictures. They spend their evenings, after the fight in the subway car, is over, looking at motion pictures, many of which are frankly depressing.

Suppose the subway management should cause to be shown along the whole line of the underground motion pictures that would turn the thoughts of their patrons, not to dreary but to wholly cheerful scenes. What a boon it would be to the tired working girl and her father, brother and sweetheart!

A succession of photographs, fastened to the unpicturesque iron posts that grow in the subway, would, if the train passed at sufficient speed, solve into a fairly decent motion picture show.

Domestic troubles of other people are always enlivening, and a series of such escapades could be shown from Brooklyn to 242d st.—say, a complete story, told between each two express trains, and shorter ones for the more rapid local trains.

It would result in passengers hating to be in the subway, a condition of mind that has not been discovered among the 2,198,000,000 to date. It would inevitably tend to increase real estate values further out than the most hardy of our immigrant population has as yet had the fortitude to explore, notwithstanding that subway trains are now equipped with fans for the winter months.

There could be suggested no better means of enlarging the city—and, again, the officials of the road would reap a double harvest.

Installation of the motion pictures would be paid for readily by the real estate men, who would also naturally pay well for the rights to operate under ground.

Once out there, twenty-seven miles from the city, the public would have to continue to use the subway, long after the novelty of the idea had died within them, along with their desire to be And, of course, each passenger would represent not less than five cents each way.

After once starting the work of introducing into the subway conditions that would be enlivening by their tendency to promote a cheerfulfulness among all of the 2,198,000,000 people who have as yet been merely saved from death, not taught to value life—numerous other means would present themselves for instituting further improvements.

Tickets could be made of little brass, shaped units, instead of the flimsy pieces of pasteboard as at present doled out. There could be a bull's-eye in the bottom of the ticket holder's box, and the passenger who made the error each day—it being fixed so that only one passenger could hold it—would be presented with a good for one consecutive journey on any line containing a vacant seat operated by the subway company.

If, instead of steps down to the trains, there were helter-skelter, the percentage of accidents afforded everybody concerned would be greatly increased. And, also, the tracks throughout the entire system could just as well be on the principle of a switchback railroad, with an occasional loop-the-loop. There would be no way for people to fall out, as even now children are known to get out, though the train be upside down.

The passenger retaining his seat to the end of such trip would get his nickel back.

New York City is growing faster than any spot on earth, perhaps, and as more and more being thought of, it is to be hoped some of the little suggestions to cheer up life in the subway will be installed promptly to counteract the effect of too much strap-hanging at the quarters.

We cannot be crushed and retain all our own. Will something be done soon? Otherwise, a war against us may be necessary.

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Motto: "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

WHAT IS THE USE

Last winter a leaking water-tank on the roof of the house next to us gave us a lot of annoyance, making it impossible for us to sleep and otherwise lacerating our nerves. We spent considerable time and went to a good deal of trouble to have the annoyance eliminated, as it in addition to bothering us was wasting hundreds of gallons of the city water every night.

Appeals to the janitor and the agent of the building were without effect. Not until we went to Mr. John J. Murphy of the Board of Water Supply did we get any action. Then we got it quickly and efficiently, and we have felt grateful to Mr. Murphy ever since. Also we feel that the city ought to be glad that it has such a good official as he is.

Arthur William Brown, an artist, lives at 233 West 100th street. In front of his house is a taxicab stand, for, as the sign says, three cabs. Mr. Brown says there are generally six or eight cabs there or in the immediate vicinity, keeping their engines going and making all sorts of unnecessary noise until three o'clock in the morning. The chauffeurs have a habit of whistling to each other a block or so away.

Mr. Brown told us about

it and said he wished he could have it stopped. Nothing easier, we said. Write to somebody, even if it is the Mayor. So Mr. Brown wrote some letters here and there and was finally referred to the Commissioner of Licenses, whom he went to see. The Commissioner was courteous and attentive and promised Mr. Brown that the nuisance would be curtailed. And there was a cessation for an hour or two, Mr. Brown says. But things are as bad as ever again. Property holders in the vicinity have signed a petition to have the thing regulated, but it continues.

This is the kind of thing that takes the heart out of citizens of this town. And, worse, it inspires an irreverence and disrespect for the law and for the rights of others. It gets people to thinking, what does any one care about my comfort, why should I care about any one's rights? And what, they ask, good does it do to complain about conditions? What is the use of kicking?

What IS the use?

"AIDA," AN ITALIAN OPERA RENDERED AT CENTURY O. H.

By Sig.

We are beginning to think that this G. Verdi must be a pretty prolific opera writer for here is another piece of his called "Aida" being put on by the Cent. Opera in English. And a real show we call it too, with lots of dancing and horses on the stage and a military parade with a brass band, and moving pictures of the Nile R. by moonlight all for the same price as any ordinary opera.

This opera has a thrilling plot too about how this colored slave-girl (but she is

really an octo-room princess) is fallen in love with by an Egyptian general only he, being tall and handsome like Morgan Kingston always is, is the object of the tender passion of the Egyptian princess who has Aida for her maid not knowing that before the war she was a princess herself in far-off Africa, and like many women America's daughter of the Pharaohs, cuts off her nose to spite her own face and has Radames the brave hero buried alive so as that anyway he shall not marry Aida, but for that matter the High Priest was partly to blame too, he not showing much religion in his character we thought.

Deeply dramatic is the closing scene of this moving play when in the dark confines of a dungeon we see Radames preparing to breathe his last with the faithful Aida at his side, she having dug her way through solid rock to die with her lover, only nobody seemed to notice that the front door of the dungeon was all open so that one was tempted to hallow "This way out, Rad" and save those innocent lives, only we suppose the stage-manager knows best and it is only a play anyway.

Next & last wk. "Lucia Sextette."

We are glad N. R. has at last got a good clairvoyant when Rod Gibson who which the Pioneer and The both print adv. of, gives facts on business & marriage & all like that. N. R. is always to the 4.

Some excitement the other eve. when Rod Gibson who which the Pioneer and The both print adv. of, gives facts on business & marriage & all like that. N. R. is always to the 4.

ESMERALDA.

LOCAL NEWS

Dick Hartman spent Tues. game, he being an alumni night down town. of the college there.

Freddy Steele is on jury duty these days.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of Wash. D. C. was in town yesterday.

Harry Davis is working for Joe Brooks these days and brooding golf.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sullivan went to Long Island Mon. eve., returning Tues. a. m.

Russ Whytal was walking down Fifth Av. Tues. afternoon also Jesse Williams and son.

Clare Briggs has got a pair of patent leather shoes with light gray tops like Willie Collier wears.

Art Train the author and assistant dist apt sent the wk. in Genesee arguing against Henry Siegel.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice the well-known wearer of the spats was down to Princeton yesterday to the ft. ball

Doc Burgess the w. k. dentist and Joe Wise went to the ft. ball game yesterday also Charley Riegelman and party.

Bill Irwin, pres. of the Scituate Young Men's Cycling Literary and Pleasure Club got back from Europe last week and has a lot to say about the war. Bill says he is tired, but he is looking all o. k.

George B. McClellan of Princeton, who performed the marriage ceremony for ye. ed. ten years ago this morning is in Princeton at this writing.

Mrs. Jimmy Wadsworth, Alice Hay that was, is the mother of a brand-new 8-lb. baby boy. James is delighted. James is the new senator-elect from this state.

Fred Murphy of here has succumbed to the wiles of Dan'l Cupid. Miss Gladys Ingalls of Washington is his affianced bride. Fred is a graduate of Yale's college, at New Haven.

Theo. Stitt of here has rheumatism pretty bad, ye cor. hears. Our wish is that Theo's condition gets improved-like.

Famous Interview No. 4—What is the best news col. THE GAZETTE published? asked of Hen Meyer, of Vandervor Pk. who this col. Hen did not get the job. He refused to say what Hen's reply was. Hen is suspected of believing THE GAZETTE'S support was responsible. You was welcome, Hen.

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HERE IS THE BIG NOISE IN WAR EXPERTS

THE SITUATION IN GALICIA.

ANALYZED for our readers by General Fitzhugh Ravenin, author of "The Tactics of the Campaign in Upper Baluchistan," "Paragat Ballistics," etc.

THE significance of the Russian advance along the line Slavyck-Prumtsra-Kizauki can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, if this maneuver continues to develop, the invaders will in the course of time occupy the position Hava-Bromo-Seltzer. This would leave them free to invest Krivik, which is an important cheese centre. The cutting off of the cheese supply would pervert the morale of the enemy and rob them of their aggressiveness.

Except for the cheese, Krivik is not fortified; and this brings up the question of whether, according to existing international law, the town may be bombarded. The expedient course, therefore, will be to destroy the law first and the town afterward. To accomplish the latter will be a difficult undertaking, since the Austrians have not only blown up the bridges over the Vega, but, learning that the Russians were provided with pontoons, have demolished the river itself.

Krivik is an important strategic position. The Russians can now turn east, if the way is not blocked; they can advance south, if the Austrians do not oppose them; they can proceed to the west, if the mountain passes are not already occupied, or they can move north, if they desire to go home.

The army that invaded Hungary has been less successful, on account of the nature of the ground, cavalry operations being so hampered by the treacherous marshes of goulash that it often becomes necessary for the Cossacks to extricate their mounts with dynamite. However, on the right wing the siege of Rimbim progresses steadily. In order to silence its outlying forts (structures of the hexagonal porticulis type) the

Russians have brought up their batteries of breach-loading redoubts. These heavy mortars fire steel capsules 67 taximetres in diameter and weighing over 400 telegrams. Each one of these projectiles costs 89,000 rubles (\$115).

The aiming of this ordnance is by the magneto method. Telescopic sights and range finders are discarded as too complicated, and in their stead large magnets are provided, which magnets, when placed on the spots desired to be hit, attract shells fired at random. The only disadvantage in connection with this method is that difficulty is sometimes met with in placing the magnets in position.

This may be overcome by applying the principles of military science governing the case, as the following examples prove: A range magnet, disguised with a casing of mahogany so as to resemble a grand piano, was presented by a spy to the commandant of the garrison, with results that were most satisfactory. Another one, hidden in a coffin, was borne in state into the Gothic cathedral, and soon the air was full of flying buttresses.

Perhaps the most brilliant exploit of the campaign has been the defeat of General Howitzer at the hands of General Krovik in the valley of the Maul. Not until now have the tactics of this engagement been made public. It seems that Krovik, wishing to render his trenches hard to hit, constructed them at right angles to the enemy, so that Howitzer was obliged to abandon his escaped position and wheel his army 90 degrees in order that his gunners might have a reasonable target. But Krovik had calculated the bastion, and the brave Howitzer was overwhelmed in the ruins of his culverin.

In recognition of this signal victory the Czar has given Krovik the Order of the Golden Lizard, which entitles him to rank as one of the Arabian Knights.

However, the situation as a whole remains unchanged.

LAWTON MACKALL.